The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLVII March 19, 1948 NUMBER 23

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*
Published weekly and copyrighted 1948 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter February 9, 1934, at the post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U.S. and Canada $6 a year. Foreign $7. Single copies 15c

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Spending for a Home

IN THE REMOTE days when Americans waxed hot in argument over technological unemployment—when ten million and more able-bodied workers were vainly seeking jobs—laissez-faire proponents leaned heavily on the new industry theory. One thing after another (automobiles, radios, airplanes, etc.) could be counted on to absorb men displaced by labor-saving devices, not only in the new manufacturing itself but, besides, in all the resulting new service and other enterprises. The latest to qualify appears to be television, on which Columbia Broadcasting and NBC among others, are embarking on a major scale. And moreover by the middle of next year a quest for new industry to maintain the present level of capital expenditure may again be under way.

Momentary but not yet conclusive signs of sagging have recently been registered in executive-grade men's suits, furniture, shoes, radios, mechanical refrigerators — and even machine tools. The demand for food products here and abroad at good prices (meaning sustained rural buying power) appears generally solid. The auto industry continues to have such a handsome backlog that it is quite possible that by the time the immediate postwar demand is filled current buyers will again be ready for a new car.

Public expenditures inevitably will be heavy. Preparedness will account for a high proportion of these, but there are other large outlets. The severity of the winter has accentuated the sorry state of disrepair into which the nation's principal arteries—including US highway number 1—have fallen. And in addition thousands of pitted country byways and city and village streets. Primarily, as intimated in these pages last week, there is the urgent need for millions of new American homes.

Why is it that housing figures so infrequently in the calculations of those seeking new fields for capital expenditures? There are such obstacles as excessive hourly wage rates coupled with a shortage of skilled labor; serious shortages of strategic building materials have eased, yet their cost is often considered prohibitive.

The truth of the matter is that Americans are not willing to spend enough on their homes. Figures based on official statistics for non-farm homes indicate that what we have been expending since 1929 for rent, and its owner-equivalent, has practically remained stationary, while food-and-tobacco and clothing, accessories and jewelry expenditures have both more than doubled. Increases for home appliances and consumption of electricity and for recreation are almost as sharp. This disparity reflects not only the maintenance of rent controls but the lower rating the home itself enjoys in the American scale of values.

There is no reason at all that our vaunted mechanical ingenuity could not be applied to the national housing problem. That is clearly indicated by the "Cleveland Plan," which builders and unions in that city are working out and making available everywhere: by fabrication on the site and other savings a substantial home is to be available at a $43.50 per month carrying charge. Both parties are committed to financial encouragement of new housing on a grand scale. But who is to undertake an educational campaign to restore the American home to its due place?

"Heretics"

"FOR if gold rust, then what must iron do?" cried Piers Plowman, deploring, in the early fifteenth century, the scandal given in his time by the accredited representatives of the Church. Catholics have constantly grumbled, usually with good reason, at misrepresentations in the secular press of the Catholic viewpoint; often this has been due to shoddy reporting of serious problems involving difficult questions of Catholic law or faith, made by persons having neither the requisite knowledge, nor the interest in religious preci-

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sion, which would prevent their elementary mistakes. Catholic press agencies originated to remedy these abuses, and exist to provide well-informed, official explanation and interpretation. They are supposedly staffed by persons logically and academically competent.

It is the more unfortunate then, that NCWC issued on March 5th a statement on the obstacles barring the proposed marriage of King Michael of Rumania to Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma, which is misleading, and calculated to do damage and cause scandal. Rumania is having a difficult time; it can hardly be that NCWC wishes to sow further dragon's teeth amongst the Christians there; this would be giving unnecessary comfort to the enemy.

The Orthodox Christians there, as here, are clearly owed an apology. The NCWC statement runs "Although the Orthodox Church has a general liturgical form of worship similar to the Catholic Church, it is regarded as heretical, just as are the Protestant denominations, because of the refusal to accept the doctrine of the primacy and infallibility of the Roman Pontiff." This is probably first imputation of heresy ever made in the name of the Catholic Church against the Orthodox. Certainly there has been no such suggestion made by any Pope at any time since the deeply regretted schism of Photius, under Michael Caerularius, in 1054.

For there has been no alteration in the Faith: Orthodox orders are valid. The causes of the schism were several, but Photius himself recognized the primacy of the Pope, as it had always been recognized by the patriarchs of the East.

Nor have the Orthodox been considered heretical for not accepting *papal infallibility;* a dogma which was not defined for eight hundred years after they had left the Catholic fold!

Perhaps even more serious an error, though not as wounding, is that contained in the sentence of the NCWC statement: "the fact of the *divine law* from which not even the Pope can dispense." The law which forbids the marriage of a Catholic to a non-Catholic (unless the Catholic is allowed to practice his faith and to bring up in it all the children of the marriage) is a part of Canon Law.

As early as 1072 the Popes began their age-long efforts at re-union with the Eastern Church; and throughout the nineteenth century, Pius IX and Leo XIII made constant efforts to reopen official relations with the Orthodox, who time and time again refused their advances. They were cordially invited to assist at the Vatican Council; unfortunately the Patriarch Gregory declined. These papal efforts, and the enormous efforts being rightly made at all levels just now, to assist the re-union of Christendom in every possible way, are certainly sadly served by this adventure of the NCWC's News Service.

The "Inevitable" War

LAST WEEK I was complaining about those Americans who think that nothing can be done to avert war with Russia. I accused them of fatalism. Because, if you cannot rise against the army of unalterable law, arrest the stars in their ordained wanderings, the constant alternance of war and peace throughout history is not of the same order of law against which proud Lucifer arose. I accused them of heartlessness, in so far as their acceptance of the "inevitable" war involved the bombing of Europeans and the ruin of Europe. I accuse them now of heartlessness, in so far as the war they accept involves further, immense Russian losses after the immeasurable losses Russia so recently sustained. (I am amazed at the originality of this sentiment — by what strange quirk am I, alone apparently, mindful at this date of the Russian soldiers, the forgotten soldiers, who died in the First World War and in the Second, and thereby saved so many American, French and British lives?)

But, last week, all these people who are getting ready for war with Russia and who are awaiting war—as at night you wait for dawn, as in summer you prepare for winter—I thought, at least, they are sorry that there has to be a war; they would rather have peace. Stoics perhaps, unimaginative surely, heartless, but because of their lack of imagination, yet good people, all the same, good-natured naturally, and certainly not Machiavellian—Americans would not be that, or very few of them would be that, very few Americans would be cold enough, sharp enough, or deliberately lucid enough, to know how to go about being Machiavellians—that was what I was thinking about the Americans who accept the "inevitable" war. They are anything you want, but they are not the kind of people who would go in for a preventive war in order to forestall an "inevitable" war; they are not as calculating as to do that.

Well, that is just what Mr. Maxwell Anderson this week says about them also—in a letter to the *Times,* March 8.) "War is too recent and too tragic and disagreeable in the minds of the electorate to be acceptable to any political candidate in our democracy." Those are Maxwell Anderson's words, but don't suppose he means them the way I would mean them if I wrote them.

A war with Russia, in the long run "inevitable," is not enough for Mr. Anderson. He wants war now—or at least to risk war now. And he is desperate. Because, even if you could change the electorate's pacific and stupid collective mind, "even if the electorate, the President, the Senate and the House were all willing to face the situation and face Russia, there is another almost insurmountable difficulty. Russia is carefully avoiding any action which might leave her open to inter-

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national challenge. . . . Russia does not want a war now—is not prepared for war with us—and of course would rather never make war if she could conquer us all without firing a shot or dropping a bomb. Therefore she tries to give us no provocation that might lead to war."

The situation is desperate. "Russia wants no show-down, no crisis." No Russian tanks have been sighted in Montreal. The situation is almost hopeless. Peace is at the gates of war.

Mr. Anderson does not presume to be able to reverse this situation all by himself: "I don't know how to bring on a crisis," he modestly remarks, and then a bright light illuminates him and he continues, "but there are professional diplomats who might know how if our nation were sufficiently aware and had the will to do it."

I will fall over backwards trying to be fair. Mr. Anderson does not want war. He only wants a crisis and a showdown because he thinks Russia would "back up and back out wherever we demanded." If that prognostic proved false then a crisis would mean a preventive war which we would win "in a matter of days, with few or no American casualties."

I hope Mr. Anderson will not be able to find professional diplomats to carry out his plan. His search encounters this difficulty. The best of them, those of them most adept at provoking crisis, men who had the requisite experience in such matters, were nazis, and recently they were hanged.

C. G. PAULDING.

The Possible War

THE choice is not between peace and war. "The war is already on," and there will be much more of it. There remains a choice, or a division less precise in time and act than a straight choice, between going with communism and going against it. Those who genuinely go against it must fight, now and in the future, and the victory of their children will be more likely and richer the more clearly and resolutely they fight. One way to fight is by the big war, and that is such a definite and spectacular way that giving the name of war to any other is, perhaps, fooling with words. Opposing the all-out super-battle—the Third World War, that is—constitutes capitulation to the material force of the enemy. Is it possible to rule out the colossal, total, atomic, war and still honestly and effectively fight communism? Can a person or a country, or the United States, capitulate to the material power of Russia and of the communists without appeasement and without cowardice and degradation and age-long defeat?

It appears unlikely, but it appears possible. Furthermore, a battle fought against the totalitarian communist enemy without the tools of total war can have purpose and, in a way, value which remain independent of the big war and of victory or defeat in that war. The most obvious of those values is *morale*. Open, declared and unalterable opposition to the Soviet course, to totalitarian communism, must be firmer and more broadly and deeply set for the battle fought without the final weapons of maximum material destruction. Such morale is the polar opposite of fellow traveling and appeasement. With resolution and morale generated and powerfully matured, the selection of ways to fight would be a practical proposition, and the imagination is stimulated by the means available. The development and maintenance of the resolution is the first and greatest problem, but speculation upon possible useful ways and means and weapons might give encouragement for making the resolution without despair.

There are, in the first place, the history and experience and literature of pacifism to examine with the sincerity which pacifism warrants. Christians under the Turks and other Moslems furnish lessons. All ghettoes are relevant. Gandhi and India, non-cooperation and civil disobedience are subjects worth study. DeValera is in America, whose weak country found means for freedom. Very pertinent to the issue is the recent myth and romance and fact of *La Résistance*. So far as we know there has been published here no serious analysis of the means and accomplishments, to say nothing of the morality, of the resistance movement under Hitler and later. But the Resistance clearly appeals to Western man, and it could have a better philosophy than Existentialism. Murder and suicide and self sentimentalizing would have to be guarded against, while killing, of course, and burning, and the absurd risk, and other violences could hardly be eliminated. A healthy romance and self-realizing would be cultivated. There would have to be a law governing Resistance, and known to the enemy, and executed by the forces of the interior under the strictest discipline. The social-economic-political consequences of a powerful and effective Resistance would be revolutionary—no less, most likely, than the revolution which the Russians and communists would try to bring, nor any less than the consequences sure to follow waging the total atomic war against the Soviet. An effective Resistance would need to develop dispersed local initiative, support and sufficiency, and at the same time the maximum mental and spiritual solidarity and union with all the people in the world pledged or inclined to resist the Soviet government for the purposes of a life beyond atheistic communism.

Speculation tends to stop short at the military vision of many new and better atom bombs and of sudden diseases more deadly than rats have ever carried. But speculation easily goes on toward every human possibility and hope when its basis is to ward off the death of the body and the spirit of mankind.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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How I Ran Out on Carrie Nation

E. A. Braniff

EVERY now and then when I see the name of Carrie Nation mentioned in some connection or other I have a sense of shame for something which happened to me long ago.

The jeers and mockery which followed her during her public career are not heard any more. She is mentioned now with considerable respect. The surprising thing is, you continue to hear her name, after all these years. When she died peacefully in a Leavenworth hospital in 1911 of an illness brought on by emotional exhaustion, she left nothing behind but a little land in Oklahoma and Arkansas and about enough cash to bury her. She had made a good deal of money for a few years, lecturing and selling miniature hatchets at ten cents apiece, but she gave everything away, or spent the money backing fake temperance zealots, who swindled her outrageously. This, however, left her unperturbed, for she never cared for money. She thought of herself as a "bulldog running at the feet of Jesus and barking at what He did not like." I thought of her at the time as a pest. Nevertheless, we got to be great friends.

It was the winter of 1902 and I was a very young reporter in Topeka, Kansas, writing for the Kansas City *Star,* when an oldish woman came to town, a small-town character from Medicine Lodge. She had already made considerable disturbance in other parts of the state by smashing illegal bars with her hatchet. The first thing I noticed when I saw her was how terrible her clothes were—quite worn out. She had on a shiny black dress with a fringed gray shawl; her black bonnet hadn't even a feather on it. That winter of 1902 has been long remembered for snow and cold. Mrs. Nation's shoes seemed pitifully thin and worn as she went sloshing around in the drifts, raiding saloons. Everything she wore, though, was clean and mended, and her beaming, humorous face had something of the shine of her clothes, as if it too were being perpetually scrubbed and polished.

As I said, we got to be friends. I don't remember how it came about but in a little while I was championing the old lady's personal merits, if not her cause, and trying to explain her to the *Star* people. But the editors frustrated me at every turn. They held to the popular belief that Mrs. Nation was a freak, and blushed apologetically for the state of Kansas. *Snobs!*

In a little while papers all over the country were sending their feature writers to Topeka. Among those who came was Dorothy Dix, working then for the Hearst papers. The liquor interests in Kansas City had a big investment in Topeka, with their fancy bars in every downtown block, handy to the Capitol building. No sooner had Mrs. Nation arrived than tough guys from the outside began drifting into town and gathering about the trouble spots. In all the raids it was funny to see how the women were the shock troops, out in front, doing the fighting, while the men temperance workers hung on the fringe of the crowd in the safe spots, emitting now and then a weak cheer. Mrs. Nation had sent word to me that she intended to raid The Senate Saloon, which was the swell place where the legislators did most of their drinking. Right at the start we ran into a cordon of tough guys. The women charged several times but could not break through; they began milling about in the snow, singing hymns and screaming. I was close to Mrs. Nation, watching to see what she would do. She did not join in the hymn singing. She edged along the street curb until the distance was right, then pulled her hatchet from under her shawl and let fly in a long pass over the heads of the mob. It crashed through the largest window of the Senate Bar. All opposition melted. The women broke through, Mrs. Nation in front. They certainly made hash of the joint.

For this she was put in jail for a few days, then was released. She raided more saloons, was jailed again, released again. It was a continuous affair. No one—the police, the courts, Governor Stanley himself—knew what to do about her. She was promised anything she wanted if she would fade out of the state, but she was incorruptible.

Mrs. Nation, when she met anyone who smelled of liquor, stopped to admonish him, usually in a spirit of "more sinned against than sinning." Once in the street, while I was along, she laid a kindly hand on a blowsy drunk and asked, "Poor man, what makes you stagger that way?" He drew himself up, recognizing her, and said proudly: "Stagger if I want to, madame. No law against staggering." The women in the party were shocked at first, but Mrs. Nation began to laugh, and I joined in. Presently we had the whole bunch of WCTU's giggling. In my dispatch to the *Star* that night I said there was no record where old John Brown of Kansas had

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ever laughed at himself when discomfited, and that was another reason why I was putting my money on Carrie Nation. Besides having humor, she was morally and fundamentally right. My editors passed the word back that my news stories were swell, but for me to keep my opinions to myself. I was very young.

When Mrs. Nation was in jail in Topeka I saw a good deal of her, especially Sunday afternoons. I noticed how everyone there liked her, and she did not mind being in jail. It was a rest for the old lady after strenuous times. Prisoners would press against their cell gratings when she went by, sometimes calling: "Hello, Carrie; we'll be seeing you in church"; and she would reply, "See that you do, boys; see that you do." She had plenty of callers.

The jailer had given her a big comfortable room with hooked rugs, rocking chairs and a table where she could read her Bible and Shakespeare. She told me once how she got to reading Shakespeare. It was through Dr. Gloyd, her first husband, whose tragic life and death upset her mind and turned her against liquor and secret societies. Gloyd was teaching country school and boarding at Carrie's home. Their love affair, forbidden by the family, was carried on by exchanging letters, which they hid in a volume of Shakespeare that lay on the table. No one in the family ever looked in the book; it was as safe a place as any for a letter. From reading her lover's letters, she began to read the book, and became enamored with Shakespeare, so that she knew whole plays almost by heart.

Sometimes while we talked a WCTU group would come in to conduct a prayer meeting. Annoyed, I would start for the door, but Mrs. Nation would whisper: "They won't be here long. Stay a while and we will go on with our talk." I found it well worth while to wait, for she was a born entertainer.

Her accounts of what a young girl did on a farm in Kentucky and Missouri in Civil War days were a bubbling over of imaginative humor, so rich that I still retain the flavor of it. She grew up with practically no education, the youngest of six children of George Moore, planter and slave owner. Much of her time was spent with servants and field hands, taking her meals in the cabins because the food there tasted better than at the Big House and the entertainment was superior. Yet her prejudices were those of the Southern slave owner. I was with her when an attempt was made one Sunday afternoon by a Topeka mob to break into the jail and lynch a Negro accused of rape. A great hullaballoo broke out suddenly in the jail yard just below Mrs. Nation's room on the third floor. Voices demanded that the sheriff open up; then came a terrific pounding of sledge hammers on the iron door. Mrs. Nation was standing at her barred window, looking down at the crowd trampling the snow. It looked grim and manacing. I suggested that she go with the sheriff, who was appealing to the mob, and back him up. To my surprise, she refused flatly to interfere. "No," she said. "There are some crimes beyond law. Let matters take their course." Fortunately, the Negro had been removed from the jail some hours before and the mob, when convinced of this, straggled off.

Mrs. Nation spoke much of her father, of whom she was very fond. He was a sort of squire of the countryside when they lived in Kentucky. She would ride his shoulders when guests came to the house, as they were always doing in those days. They came in their carriages and wagons, or astride their horses and mules, and they stayed sometimes a fortnight. Mr. Moore was a teetotaller, but there was always liquor in the house for guests. Carrie would hide herself in a closet where she could overhear what the men said when they did their drinking. One day she heard some young fellows scheme to spike the squire's cider. When her father came in the room she burst forth, screaming, "Oh, Pa, these men are going to make you drunk. I heard them!" Mr. Moore was a rich man for those days, but the war impoverished him. In his old age, when his daughter was running a little boarding house in Texas, he came to live with her; he waited on table, chopped wood, ran errands. When he died she buried him decently. Years later, after she had become famous, she learned there were old debts, some dating back almost to Civil War days, and these she paid with the first money received from her lecture tours.

Of her childhood Mrs. Nation had endless tales. She insisted that she was naturally a thief; that she was the leader among the children, white and black, who pilfered things about the house and lied about it afterward; that this sort of thing went on with her until she got religion and received what she called the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost." Along with her sisters and cousins she used to raid the attic where goodies were kept, until her mother, remembering why scarecrows were set up in the cornfields, hung an oil portrait of her own dead mother at the top of the stairs. The grim old lady had been something of a hellion when she lived with the family; now she glared down on the children from above. They tried to edge past but couldn't, until Carrie, finding her father's fishing pole, poked out the portrait's eyes.

I loved the way she mimicked Negroes, especially her father's old body servant, Jeff—his snorts of disgust when she sent him up to Dr. Gloyd's room with shaving water and instructions how to behave. Also her mimicry of herself

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when, as a child she would slip out in the family burial plot on rainy days, and standing under a tree, pity herself: "I'm a pore orphan girl out in the rain. Got nary a Pa nor a Ma, no place to stay. Bring along some food, God, for I'm hungry." After a little of this treatment she would have a delicious crying spell. Her speech was larded with quaint phrases. Many of her expressions were of Civil War times, as when she told me of the young beau in Missouri who asked her to go with him to a country dance. But he had been a Union soldier! A thorough rebel, Carrie flashed back: "Blue coat and brass buttons can't buggy ride with me!"

Our relations were peculiar. I was passing through an early enslavement to the Russian writers. Here before me was a great subject for study. The madmen who haunted Dostoyevsky's pages were not more mad than Carrie Nation, so I spent all the time I could spare with her. As for Mrs. Nation, whether in or out of jail, she liked to have me along. I had told her of my plans to enter Yale that fall and this interested her deeply, even to the extent of offering to advance me funds if I should need them. She had received offers for a lecture trip through the East; and wanted me to write a book about her, but I was not ready for that.

Mrs. Nation was always looking for mystical meanings in her name; she seemed to think she was foreordained. Once she showed me in her Bible where it said: "Nation shall rise against nation . . ."

"Don't you see, Edward, the first Nation is spelt with a capital. That's me."

"Sentences all begin with a capital," I reminded her.

She was not dashed a bit. "When I was born I was Carrie Amelia Moore, then later I became Carrie A. Nation. C (See) A. Nation—also Carry A. Nation. This is no accident, this is Providence. What do you think?"

"I think it's all crazy. No sense at all."

She looked at me quite a while, then for the first time asked me a personal question: "Edward, do you ever go to church?"

"Of course. I'm a Catholic."

"I didn't know that. Do Catholics believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, but not in the way you do—putting meanings in it of your own."

Mrs. Nation left on a lecture tour and that fall I went to New Haven and entered the Forest School. Letters from her came at intervals, several of which I saved. One from Holden, Missouri: "I am here visiting Dr. Gloyd's grave. I go tomorrow to my old home in Cass County, then on to Belton, Missouri, to visit the graves of my parents and brother."

From another letter: "You tell me not to get in jail. Well, I have been in but three times since, but did not stay long. I do not mind these things. Only one thing disturbs me—will I have the seat of the woman who did the best she could? I get tired of the world, tired of seeing its struggles, tired of seeing its sorrows. . . . I wake up in the night and cry because He stays away so long. You are young, ambitious, full of vigor, but when you are 56, as I am. . . . I shall try to fix me up a little home in Kansas City this summer so as to have it to come to next fall and write my life which I want you to put in shape when you are through with your studies. I have never met anyone but you that I want to write my life. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The last letter is dated "In Jail, Topeka, Kansas: I hope you will not be annoyed at my being in this place for the third time. It is working out good for my cause. . . . I shall spend my life in this work. I have not much longer to be active. I am not unhappy, rather the reverse. I am doing what God called me to do. . . . I am expecting the year to develop something new and strange, so many things cry to Heaven for redress. . . ."

In the fall of that year, passing along Chapel Street in New Haven, I came on several hundred undergraduates surrounding an old lady who was trying to make a speech from the steps of Osborne Hall. Several students, anxious for some fun, had invited Mrs. Nation there on the plea that young lives were being ruined by liquor, which was served, they charged, in the food at Commons. She had canceled another engagement and had come to look into the matter. The boys were giving her a great welcome, cheering her and singing the popular song, "Good Morning, Carrie." They were tremendously impressed when she denounced the Yale Faculty. They booed the Faculty. Many even threw down their cigarettes, stamping them out, to show how they shared her feelings against tobacco and other impurities.

The sight of all this filled me with such uneasiness that I could not decide what to do. And then I heard her say: "Boys, I have a friend, here somewhere, a very dear friend, who was with me in my work at the start. If you are in the crowd, Edward, come forward. I want to talk with you."

They took it up with a shout: "Edward, Carrie is calling you. Where art thou, Edward?"

It was simply impossible for me to face her openly in that company, and it was dangerous to try to break away. Fortunately there was no one from my tiny class to recognize me. I managed to hide myself until the crowd scattered and, cowardly as my conduct now seems, I never once appeared on the New Haven streets until Mrs. Nation had left town.

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The Silesian "Ruhr"

HENRY C. SUTTON

AT THE London Conference of Foreign Ministers, the Soviet Government again brought forward—and with increased vigor—its claim for participation in the control of the Ruhr district. At the same time, this industrial core of Western Europe is in the public limelight for its intended rôle in European recovery under the Marshall Plan, initiated by the recent return of its rich coal mines to German management, in a further effort to increase its lagging output for the benefit of a fuel-starved continent.

In strange contrast to the intense publicity, friendly and unfriendly, factual and otherwise, accorded to the Ruhr is the complete silence surrounding the second largest concentration of Germany's war potential in Silesia, nicknamed during the war—very appropriately—the "Eastern Ruhr." If the Russians don't trust British-American occupation of the Ruhr to prevent a revival of Germany's war-making strength, why should we have implicit confidence in the peaceful intentions of Russia and Poland, where Germany's heavy industries and war plants in the east are concerned? And if the British-American occupation authorities have not yet convinced everybody that they have permanently broken the grip of German would-be war-mongers upon the Ruhr combines, there is at least as ample cause (for instance, in the stubbornly recurring stories about Field Marshal Paulus and his German forces on Russian soil) to assume that the Russians don't hesitate to employ German militarists themselves.

The Eastern Ruhr, straddling the pre-1939 frontier between German Lower Silesia and Polish Upper Silesia, deserves our attention for more than one reason. Not only is it rich in natural resources—German Silesia alone has stocks, estimated before the war at 5.2 billion tons of coal, 1.2 billion tons of lignite, and so forth—and in industrial plants and equipment, but it has been hardly affected by war operations at all. The recent twist of Soviet propaganda, accusing the U.S. air forces of "needlessly" bombing industrial targets merely to eliminate competitors, reveals the unspoken afterthought: "But we are smarter: we did not destroy the war plants we intended to use ourselves."

Thus, while the total industrial potential of the Rhine-Ruhr area and of Western Germany in general is undoubtedly higher than that of Silesia and of the "Eastern Ruhr," comparison of its relative conditions at the end of the war shows quite a different picture. According to the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, quarterly steel production in Rhineland-Westphalia decreased from 3.4 million tons in the first quarter of 1940 to 1.5 million in the last quarter of 1944, while steel production in Upper Silesia during the same period rose from 0.4 to 0.7 million —all this on the strength of the official German records of the *Reichsvereinigung Eisen,* seized by the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey. In the last month on which full statistics are available, December 1944, steel production in Upper Silesia, 238,000 tons, almost equalled the output of all Northwestern Germany, 290,000 tons.

The figures of production losses, suffered either because of work stoppages due to air raids or because of actual bombing damage, as compiled by the same source, show even more impressively how much better the Eastern Ruhr emerged from the war. During the entire year of 1944, the air war against Northwestern Germany caused a loss of 3.4 million tons in steel production (0.8 million of which due to alerts, 2.6 to actual damage), while the losses of the entire East, throughout 1944, were merely 0.5 million (0.3 due to alerts, 0.2 actual damage). The Russians thus obtained a practically undamaged industrial empire, about the disposal of which the Western World has yet to hear the first official word.

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Since the Germans obviously did not yield that rich area voluntarily to the Red Army, but clung tenaciously to every position, the Russians had to make up for their reluctance or inability to bomb the industrial towns and installations by paying a far heavier toll in human lives. However, they obtained thereby the widely ramified Eastern combine of the Hermann Goering Works, including coal and iron ore mines, iron foundries and steel mills, arms and machine tool manufacturing plants, as well as numerous privately-owned industrial concerns. At the same time, they swallowed apparently that concentration of war factories set up before the war in South-Eastern Poland by the Polish Government, including the huge Starachowice artillery works, which had been seized, expanded and modernized by the nazis. Aircraft engines, submarine parts, torpedoes, artillery ammunition (including gas shells), range finders and other optical instruments (under a subsidiary of the Zeiss Works) are also known to have been produced, among other war materials, in this vitally important region.

No full particulars about the war industries assembled there until the end of the war have ever been published. Its wartime growth and output was shrouded in nazi secrecy and the inventories taken after the retreat of Hitler's armies as well as any transfers, conversions or new expansions that may have taken place since are hidden in the even less penetrable darkness behind the iron curtain. We know, nevertheless, that the nazis, in developing the Eastern Ruhr, had three objectives in mind: first, they wanted a secondary war industry center in safe distance from air raids from the West; second, they wanted to produce as much armaments for the eastern front as possible near that front, in order to lessen the strain on the transportation system of the Reich; third, in addition to Silesia's own mines and mills, the location was favorable both for the importation of high-grade iron ores from Sweden and for combined use of the rich resources of nearby Czechoslovakia.

Already before the war, the nazis had started construction of the key Adolf Hitler Canal which branches off the Oder River at Cosel and connects, passing through the mining area of Gleiwitz, the inland waterways of interior Germany with the systems of the Vistula and

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Dnieper rivers—well aware that the rapidly increasing output of the Eastern Ruhr could not be entirely absorbed by the Reich's badly neglected railroad system. After the conquest of Poland, Germany established nine rail links with Russia across Polish territory, to reap the benefits from the economic agreements accompanying the Stalin-Hitler pact of August 23, 1939.

The Adolf Hitler Canal (since then perhaps renamed Stalin-Canal?) as well as these rail connections should make it easier for the Russians to exploit the Eastern Ruhr now. All German property has been expropriated and all but the smallest enterprises have been nationalized. The industrial combines of the Eastern Ruhr, Hermann Goering Works and all the rest, are therefore at present presumably property of the Polish State. But this has hardly prevented the Soviet Government from taking whatever they saw fit under the pretext of "war booty" or from telling the Poles what to do.

At Poland's third annual "Congress of the Recovered Territories," held last September in Stettin, reference was made to "the territory's badly damaged industries." Since there was no extensive war destruction in that area, this expression can be understood only as a diplomatic paraphrase of Russian looting—or is it merely an apology for unsatisfactory output? Nevertheless, industrial manpower was reported to have increased from 75,000 to 300,000, more than 1200 plants and mines were said to be operating again and the industrial output of the recovered area (that is practically only Silesia, since the remaining Polish-occupied parts of Germany have no significant industries) had reportedly reached 21 percent of all Poland's total industrial production. Since Germany brought her industrial plants up-to-date before starting the war and since a good many installations of the Eastern Ruhr were built or at least greatly expanded under the Hitler régime, it is also safe to assume that these are much more modern plants than the average not only in the rest of Poland, but even compared with the remaining industries of Western Germany.

There can be hardly any doubt as to the effectiveness of Soviet Control over the Eastern Ruhr, whatever the formalities of ownership. Forty percent of Poland's coal output in 1947, 7.5 million tons, are going admittedly to Russia: all but one million are designated as "reparations," thus come apparently from formerly German-owned mines. Such firm Soviet grip over this area—vital in terms of transcontinental communication lines, east-west and north-south, as well as in terms of industrial capacity—is even more significant in view of the area's strategic importance.

Some of the reasons which induced the nazis to focus armament production there hold true for the Russians, too, only facing in the opposite direction. Unhappy Sweden, intimidated by the Soviets now as she was by the nazis before 1945, can certainly deliver iron ores, ball-bearings or other materials easier to Silesia, by inland waterways, than to industrial centers in the interior of Russia, hamstrung by railroad bottlenecks. Czechoslovakia is right across the border. And whatever one might think of the strategic location of the Eastern Ruhr in view of the—yet vague and remote— possibility of a third world war, it looks like a convenient spot to supply Stalin's henchmen in Central and Western Europe with the arms and other equipment they apparently require in large quantities.

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American diplomacy as well as the media of American public opinion would be therefore well advised to pierce the heavy silence surrounding the Eastern Ruhr. Soviet clamor for a voice in the industrial controls of Western Germany has pushed us into a not very enviable defensive position since the Russians (as well as all other victims of German aggression) have undoubtedly a legitimate interest in what is becoming of the traditional arsenal of the Reich. But we have nothing to hide in the Ruhr, whereas the Soviets seem to have plenty to hide in the areas under their control—even in places formally under the jurisdiction of the four-power Allied Control Council in Berlin, such as the uranium mines in Saxony with their ominously high toll of casualties in "working accidents"—let alone areas of such a questionable international status as Silesia. A demand for equal four-power control over all elements of the former German war potential, located on present or former German or German-annexed soil, regardless of present sovereignty, specifically including the Eastern Ruhr, to be based on the Potsdam agreement on German economic unity and German industrial disarmament, might therefore be a far better answer to Messrs. Molotov, Vishinsky et al than a mere refusal of their claim to the Ruhr.

But regardless of what value the injection of the Eastern Ruhr issue into current international negotiations may have—and it is next to impossible for any outsider to judge that, except in very general terms—discussing the Eastern Ruhr is urgently necessary for reasons of our foreign policy and our standing in Europe in general. Moscow-inspired political warfare against the Marshall Plan has two main themes: that we want to enslave Western Europe, at least to encroach upon its sovereignties—and that we want to rebuild Germany's war potential, for a future war against Russia, under the pretext of aiding Europe's reconstruction. While the first argument has hardly made much headway, the second point, focused upon the Ruhr question, worries obviously many of our friends in Europe, especially in France, and seems to confuse certain parts of our public opinion here at home, too. A complete, balanced picture of what is happening to Germany's former war potential on both sides, in the Soviet orbit as well as in the Anglo-American zones of Germany, will go far to debunk distorted propaganda and to dissipate honest fears.

Breaking the silence about the Eastern Ruhr is all the more necessary since its very existence is virtually unknown. Even Germans, except those actually employed in those combines, know little about it, despite the huge crowds of German refugees, expelled from the Polish-occupied areas, which are now flooding most of Germany. It seems, however, that the Polish administration has managed to control its understandable anti-German feel-

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ings to such a point that they keep skilled and able-bodied German workers in their employment, even preventing them by force from leaving, while they expel the rest. Do they retain them merely because of an industrial manpower shortage?

Whatever the details of the truth about what happened to the Eastern Ruhr since it was seized by the Red Army, the cause of Europe's peaceful reconstruction can only gain, if the full facts are disclosed and the problem of how to prevent any revival of Germany's war-making capacity is considered in its entirety, not merely as a question of its Western end.

Communications

THE OCCUPYING POWERS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Some time ago THE COMMONWEAL published a brilliant and provocative critique of the Western Powers rôle in the war and the peace by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, which evoked some equally hard knocks in return, both from THE COMMONWEAL and from some of its readers. That debate was not only fruitful in itself, but I think it must be given credit for helping to produce the magnificent article by Leddihn in your February 20th issue called "The Occupying Powers."

This time, in contrast to the natural but regrettable bitterness of the former article, Leddihn writes with sympathy and understanding about the British and the Americans in Austria. His insight into French and Russian psychology is equally startling even though in the latter case we must take his conclusions largely on faith. His first article left a feeling of sadness that so talented a visitor should have taken so little home with him from America after spending ten years with us. His present article wipes that out. In fact it is one of the best discussions of national differences since Salvador de Madariaga's book twenty years ago.

However, one of Kuehnelt-Leddihn's profoundly discouraging conclusions is repeated in this article. He rejects the Anglo-Saxon praise of Switzerland as a model solution for the European continent in the following passage:

> To such lifelessness the best Austrians prefer a Reichs-idea (be it that of the historic Osterreich with its mission or a Holy Roman Reich), while the worst of them will rather accept the apocalyptic magic of a Proletarian or a Racial Millenium. *A middle-of-the-road solution with "decent business dealings" is out—not only for Austria but for the rest of the continent. Nor should the fact that communism is intellectually completely bankrupt increase our hopes.*

He goes on to say "only mentally uniform nations with a strict social control and a flourishing team spirit have free governments. . . ." and he identifies this team spirit with Protestant countries.

But this ignores the fact that in the United States and Holland there are great Catholic minorities which play, in some respects, an even greater rôle than their numbers warrant. Leddihn forgets that Belgium is a Catholic country and that Catholic western Germany was a base for the German trend toward liberalism and democracy before Hitler. He also forgets the strength of the democratic and progressive Catholic political movements in Italy and France, and that the influence of the Vatican has been exerted in that direction. Is it not probable that the lack of unity which he identifies with some Catholic countries is a reflection mainly of political and economic backwardness, due to accidents of geography and history which are no longer decisive; and that the trend toward the kind of inner conformity and *political* "team-spirit" which favors social and democratic organization *was* developing and will develop again if normal conditions are ever restored?

Another reflection which his defeatist attitude toward democracy inspires, is that there is a danger in the great political influence of students and intellectuals in many continental countries, in contrast both to the Anglo-Saxon nations and to the countries of Northern Europe where democracy *has* worked. Since the essence of democracy is compromise and voluntary conformity, democratic governments must reflect the ideas of the average and the mediocre, in the relative sense. Politicians must temporize, artists, writers and philosophers should not. The adventurous and perfectionist spirit of the artist and the mystic must be divorced as far as possible from the political—hence the British mistrust of political theories and brilliant men in politics (except in time of war) combined with their superb tolerance of brilliant nonconformists in the literary world—like George Bernard Shaw. Kuehnelt-Leddihn himself is too sensitive to be a safe political guide.

All conformity for its own sake is regrettable from the purely intellectual point of view, but much of it is essential from the political and social point of view. The only choice is whether it shall be voluntary or compulsory. It is the great virtue of the American public school that it takes the children of the most diverse elements and gives them a new and a good (if incomplete) set of standards and conventions which command the pupils' voluntary allegiance.

If and when universal education and the standard of living approaches the same degree in Latin and Catholic countries which it has attained in Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian countries, the virtual monopoly of intellectual leadership hitherto enjoyed by students and writers would be reduced. In other words, democratic politics should be geared, so to speak, to the high school level rather than to the university level because the high school is more basic and less differentiated. This has nothing to do with the increasing necessity for more expert and scientific proficiency and specialization in government. Moreover, the high school level of today is probably higher than the college level of twenty years ago and the upward trend may be expected to continue. But the political leadership must not be too far out of line with the level of the people as a whole.

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One thing that Leddihn says contradicts his own gloomy thesis. He admits that Hapsburg Austria was far more democratic than most people imagine, more democratic in some respects than Britain today. He admits that a large percentage of its actual political leaders came of a peasant background, just as in Scandinavia and Britain they come of a Labor background, or in America from a small-town lawyer or business background. Hence a democratic evolution based on the peasant and the worker should be perfectly possible in central and southern Europe. This was already true in such Catholic areas as northern Italy, the Basque country in Spain, Slovenia, Croatia and Slovakia, as well as in Austria itself.

In other words, democracy has not failed from internal causes in any of the countries where the basis for it had developed and the trend toward democracy was present in many of the countries where it had not developed. The Gallup polls have shown an increasing intelligence of the electorate in all free countries. It was the failure of peace after two world wars and the *outside* menace of Hitler, then of Stalin, which brought disaster.

Now democracy in America must cope with this outside danger and we don't know whether it will stand the test. But the destruction has not come from within but from without. The democratic system has shown a capacity not only to survive but to grow wherever it won a real foothold, and even the increase of democratic socialism, which Leddihn wrongly identifies with totalitarianism, has been speeded up by the economic crisis forced by non-democratic countries.

But Kuehnelt-Leddihn's pessimism about democracy is only one small part of his brilliant, profound and generous appraisal of "The Occupying Powers." THE COMMONWEAL can be proud of having published it.

CHRISTOPHER EMMET.

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editors: I have read with great pleasure your article on "Christian Democrats" (Issue of December 12, 1947), in which I found a broad comprehension of such movements in Europe—unusual in the American press.

I should point out that the Christian Democratic program and ideology is not conservative, is not that of the so-called rightists or clericals, as it is made out to be by American press correspondents who are usually so ingenuous as to confuse Christian Democratic movements or parties with the Church, or with Catholic Action. If the latter gives help to the Christian Democratic parties it is through the necessity of facing the danger of communism, which is anti-Catholic by nature, and because socialists and secular democrats are, in all Continental Europe, anti-clerical by tradition.

There is no party in Europe as strong and as active in the defense of order, liberty and economic and social progress as are the Christian Democratic parties. That is the truth; events prove it very clearly day by day.

Accept my thanks for the reference to my activity on behalf of Christian democratic ideals and organizations.

LUIGI STURZO.

RECANTATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have read C. G. Paulding's "Recantation" in the February 27 issue, three times, just to make sure that I did not need a change of eyeglasses, to say the least.

This glib lining-up of Marx, the Constitution of the United States, and the Pope, is a bit too "pragmatic." To speak of "the mechanism by which those who believe in a central core of truth act, of their free will, to preserve that doctrine intact" is perfectly reasonable when applied to the belief of Catholics in a Divinely revealed doctrine and a Divinely constituted Church; but by what new trick of semantics can it be applied to an Oriental despotism maintained by force? This is funnier (and, in THE COMMONWEAL, sadder) than Molotov's definition of democracy.

Ever hear of Vishinsky and the Moscow trials, Mr. Paulding?

FRANK D. WHALEN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Yes. "It is best not to laugh at Prokofieff." Also it might be good to look at all the Soviet anathemas with some historical wisdom. The exhibit of French tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, reminded me of the 1793 proclamation of the French Convention regarding a tapestry which was in process of execution and which represented the historical happening of the Siege of Calais:

> Subject regarded as contrary to republican ideas; the pardon accorded to the people of Calais was given by a tyrant through the tears and supplication of the queen and child of a despot. Rejected. In consequence the tapestry will be arrested in its execution.

And this happened in a country where civilization, as a whole, was older than the Russian one was at the time of her own revolution, and in a country which had known barely four years of revolutionary régime; and in a country which had not been cut off for years from the rest of the world, first by this very world boycott, then by her own iron curtain.

Censorship of art was not invented by the Russian Communist Party. A tiny bit of historical meditation on this matter would help us toward patience and a real and efficacious desire to understand.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: It was with curiosity and pleasure that I read C. G. Paulding's editorial on the condemnation by the Central Committee of the Communist Party, of the seven Soviet composers, for, despite the fact that several journalists published various commentaries on this subject, Mr. Paulding's seems to me the most unusual and the most courageous. I would like, however, to bring up a few points which he did not mention.

To start with, I must admit that I am always struck by a form of modern hypocrisy—the fact that people are far more disturbed by questions concerning esthetics, in

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this case an act against the artist's freedom, than they are by the enslavement of an entire people under a political doctrine, and the atrocious consequences of that enslavement.

As to the problem of the relationship of art to the Communist Party, the absurdity here is that, really for the first time in history, the State has taken upon itself to interfere with the integrity of free creation, by claiming that it can solve the greatest problem in art—the very essence of artistic creation. Up till now the artist has always been a prey to uncertainty as to the truth of the path he follows—remaining sole arbiter of this truth and sole judge. But now the "submission" of the creative will, required of the artist by the Communist Party, frees him of all inner tragedy and struggle, as it does of all possible doubt. One asks oneself, however, how it can be possible for the State to be certain of a path—and through what secret process—which the creator himself seeks in trial and error, sometimes finds, but along which he travels always with uncertain step? This aspect of the matter naturally is broad "farce" since the secret of this knowledge exists nowhere in the world.

The real conflict is between Marxism and the essential spirit of music. Parenthetically we may remark that neither Marx nor Lenin ever imagined that art could be arrived at through dogmatic process. For both these men, the art of the future was a perspective—one of many—in a society freed of classes, but it would be created freely by free men. Until the coming of that future society, they admitted the heritage of the past as a necessity and, for them, such terms as "bourgeois" music, etc., did not exist at all.

To return to the present Soviet attitude: nowhere so much as in music is the incompatibility between Marxism and art so visible. To demonstrate this fact it is sufficient to establish two concepts of time: existence in times of Marxism, which is essentially rational; and existence in *musical time,* which is irrational and, precisely because irrational, a liberation from the material world. Actually the Marxist conception of music consists in emptying music of the irrational, that is to say emptying it of its essential spirit.

Marxism by its very essence is *a-musical.* The concept of music does not come into contact with Marxism in any of its dimensions. Thus it will always be stupidity, and nothing else, to speak of Marxist rhythm, or Marxist melody, or Marxist harmony; such terms can only be used, on the one hand, for purposes of demagogy, or, on the other, to express complete servility.

To the extent that Marxism now is attempting to penetrate to the heart of the process by which music is created, Marxism threatens the very existence of music.

All judgments concerning music which are made from the Marxist point of view will always remain at the outer edge of music, at the periphery. They are incapable of breaking out of the category of banal superficialities, since they are bound to deal with such matters as taste or sensation, giving preference to such and such a type of melody, or to simplified rhythmical formulas—proposed as coming from the *people.* These matters will always remain foreign to true musical creation, which always con-

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sists in free research of form and sound. Thus it is that the Communists will always be able to bring easy charges of "formalistic heresy" against any one they choose of Bach's fugues, or against a Beethoven quattuor, or against any authentic work of the music that is to come.

ARTHUR LOURIÉ.

Arthur Lourié's latest composition, "De Ordinatione Angelorum," was performed by the Schola Cantorum of New York early this year. Last year the Berkshire Festival produced his cantata, "The Birth of Beauty." His last symphonic work, "A Feast During the Plague," was performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Koussevitsky. Of Russian origin, Arthur Lourié is an American citizen and resides in New York.

The Editors.

The Stage & Screen

The Hallams

I DO NOT have a great deal of patience with Rose Franken's brand of naturalism. Without question her characters, in this continuation of her earlier "Another Language," are unpleasant enough to be authentic, but that seems to me their chief claim to reality. I doubt their milieu; their remoteness from the war or the peace; most of all, their attachment to that fiendish old grand-dame who operates as the head of the tribe. Here, the lot of them are engaged with a couple of deaths, and with endless amounts of dreary talk, and I honestly don't think the business is worth much of anyone's time. But just by way of a fillip, I do think Miss Franken, as her own director, might have taken a hint from some of her nineteenth century masters with regard to stage food. Antoine, with his true slabs of beef way back in the '80's, was not really wrong, you know. In Miss Franken's first act a good bit of the long talk and most of the motivation from diningroom to backyard hinges on a lobster supper. And the lobsters were the most indiarubber, long-ago-dead I have ever beheld. When I saw June Walker actually inserting a morsel of this *Homarus Theatricus* into her mouth I thought she must immediately turn kelly green and fall to the footlights in agony. That would, of course, have been something; but I'm sure all of us are far too fond of Miss Walker to wish her any such clutching demise. Even naturalistically and on the stage. (*at the Booth*)

The Respectful Prostitute

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S sensational one-act play is headed for an uptown run, and I think it's about time it got some space in this column. For its Broadway visit (at the Cort, I believe), the piece is to be paired with one of the short Thornton Wilder plays. At its American première down on Bleecker Street by the intelligent New Stages, Inc., it accompanied a small Lennox Robinson offering, "Church Street." The latter was poorly cast, I thought, and something shakily directed by John O'Shaughnessy. Doubtless, it was somewhat of a critical bore. And yet, it did seem to me to display the one adult factor in which all European work stands in advance of our own: it had an idea.

As for Sartre's idea, I make it an examination of the universality of evil and as such, it is one of the most powerful and shocking documents I have ever seen walked on any stage. Choosing to expose our national problem of lynching, the author interrelates this horror with a large amount of professional and perverted sex. Saving only his lost ignorant Girl, and his lost innocent Negro, there is nothing in his play which is not dark and beastly; and all is true. Both psychologically and theatrically the business is perfectly wrought. And I do not think the piece can be called a *tour de force* since precisely the same play could (and should) be written about the concentration camps of Europe. Evil *is* universal; violence and viciousness do spring from the same source.

I must admit, however, that I'm still unsure how much of this material can be fitted to the stage. Sartre's treatment seemed to me, in the main, serious and not cheap. Nevertheless, there were sniggers and mounting hysteria among the audience. When it came to the curtain-calls I, for one felt it absolutely impossible to remain in the theater, clapping. I do not mean this reaction to reflect in any way upon the actors, who are all excellent. Indeed, if they were not so excellent, my reaction would certainly have been different and not so complete. But I do think the question this overwhelming impression raises is both honest and important. If a play cannot be clapped, should it be played? Had it not better be movied, or read in a book? I am not sure. But at present my conclusion is that it is better to have the play and to drop the convention. Let there be no curtain-calls attached to this piece, just as I think there should be none attached to Tennessee Williams's "Streetcar." Let the audience go home thinking, rather than merely exhilarated, scattered, and pleased with themselves. It's a serious thought. (*at New Stages Theater,* subsequently *at the Cort*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

More Deadly Than the Male

OF THREE new films, produced in Hollywood, France and England, which definitely go out of their way to prove that women are not the weaker sex, the French movie uses cinema most effectively to put over its point. Comparisons such as this are of course not entirely fair; it so happens that the story in *"Jenny Lamour"* is more logical than the other two. But so is the treatment more realistic. Furthermore Director Henri-Georges Clouzot knows how to use the camera to reveal character and the intricacies of a situation, and consequently many small sequences build up to a whole that is vivid and moving. Because of its subject matter and extraordinarily frank sexiness, "Jenny Lamour" is limited in appeal; and even adult audiences should be warned about its unpleasant story and unsavory characters. Director Clouzot pulls no punches in developing the sordid details that surround a murder mystery

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which upsets a tawdry group of second-rate entertainers and the Paris police. Actually the bare plot of "Jenny Lamour" is similar to some of Hollywood's B thrillers: when a lecherous movie producer is murdered the chief suspects are Jenny, a cheap music-hall singer who was with him that evening, her jealous husband, and a female photographer whose interest in Jenny is more than slight. After developing these characterizations well, the film introduces us to the police inspector who finally solves the crime, not quickly but through a long trial-and-error method that adds greatly to the picture's suspense and realism. The performances in "Jenny Lamour" are outstanding: Suzy Delair as the sensuous nymph, who in spite of her flirtations and carryings-on is very much in love with her husband; Bernard Blier as this man passionately in love with his wife whom he does not understand; Simone Renant as the photographer devoted to Jenny; Louis Jouvet as the police inspector whose complicated past helps him know these people who have messed up their lives; and many more minor characters who add realistic touches to this back-stage melodrama. Obviously "Jenny Lamour" is not for the squeamish, but even they would have to admit that it is lively and effective cinema.

While the leading character of *"The Sign of the Ram"* (forcefully played by Susan Peters who seldom leaves her wheel chair) is not as sexy as Jenny Lamour, she is much more vicious. Miss Peters portrays a near-schizophrenic, a cripple who writes articles and poems on contentment and happiness, and is at the same time the unprincipled wife of a kindly man (Alexander Knox) whose children she once saved from the sea. Because of this heroic rescue, which resulted in her broken back, this woman thinks she owns her three step-children, and she devotes most of her time, when she isn't writing pap for magazines, to thinking up devilish ways by which she can keep these young people as her adoring slaves instead of letting them go out and live their own lives. John Sturges has directed this picture with a deliberate slowness to build up this leading character's meanness; however, to us in the audience it seems to take forever for the other characters to get wise to this possessive and malicious woman who would stop at nothing to gain her ends. The large supporting cast includes Phyllis Thaxter, Ron Randell, Peggy Ann Garner and many others who finally see Susan for what she is. I don't know if you'll have the patience to wait around for the finale. My interest lessened when someone tried to explain this woman's personality with the help of the zodiac which gives the film its title.

The heroine of *"Jassy"* a technicolored English import, also has connections with black art. Somehow, perhaps because she had a gypsy mother, she sees visions and knows about events that are happening miles away. I don't think we are meant to take this eighteenth century period piece too seriously—although Producer Sydney Box has given it a good cast and some very attractive sets. The plot, based on a novel by Norah Lofts, is so melodramatic that you find yourself hissing the villains of which there are several and all very hissable. Margaret Lockwood plays the heroine with the visions. I wondered, when she married one of the villains just so she could get his beautiful manor and later give it to the hero whom she loved, if she knew this despicable cad was going to be murdered in time for her to make her fanciful gift. The problem probably won't bother you; in any case you aren't likely to wait around to see what happens. Perhaps you'd even be wiser not to go at all to this exhibition of a woman outsmarting all these bullies.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

A Plea for Economists

TWO MEMBERS of the American hierarchy, Bishop Francis J. Haas of Grand Rapids, and Bishop Karl J. Alter of Toledo, have recently called again for the introduction of "industry councils" in the American economy. Bishop Haas, who has had a long and distinguished career in labor relations and government service, made his appeal in the pages of the *Ecclesiastical Review,* December issue. Bishop Alter, who is chairman of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, made his in a letter to the *Labor Leader.*

Bishop Haas appealed mainly to businessmen, Bishop Alter to union men. As both would be the first to insist, their idea is nothing new, but is based on the encyclical, *Qudragesimo Anno*, written by Pope Pius XI in 1931, and the "vocational group" principle contained therein. It was Phil Murray and the CIO who, in 1941, applied it to America and called it the "Industry Council Plan." The ACTU has been largely responsible for keeping the idea alive since then.

Here is Bishop Haas's description of such a council: "All the employers and all the workers in each industry or profession (should) combine in their respective organizations, whether of management or labor, and meet jointly in a single unified body, through their freely chosen representatives," with government supervising but not controlling.

"Each such organized industry or profession," the Bishop goes on, "would be empowered to fix wages, hours, working conditions, output and profits. Moreover, it would be linked with every other industry or profession, similarly organized, through the medium of a 'supreme economic parliament' made up of freely-chosen delegates

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from the industrial and professional bodies below, presided over by the government, acting not as dictator, but rather as moderator. . . ." As first presented by the CIO during the war the work of the industry councils was to be coordinated by a "national planning board . . . composed of representatives of labor, management, agriculture, consumers and government."

Different people have described the same idea in different ways, but all the descriptions raise the same devilish questions, some of which are listed below, not in the spirit of carping criticism, but rather in the spirit of what might be described as passionately sympathetic and anxious inquiry. . . . As follows:

First, what is to be the method of voting in an industry council? In the Steel Council, for example, will the representatives of the Steelworkers Union have the same number of votes as those of the Iron and Steel Institute? If not, why not? Is so, how are we going to swing it, over anything less than the steel bosses' dead bodies?

Second, how will the consumer be protected? We have seen John L. Lewis boasting of the fact that he doesn't give a hoot how high the price of coal is as long as the miners get theirs. More recently we have seen Mike Quill and the Transport Workers' Union, CIO, split with the Communist Party (undoubtedly with the secret permission of said party) and come out for an 8-cent fare on New York subways (which may be necessary.) Even more recently, the Utility Workers, an anti-communist CIO outfit, have appealed to the Public Service Commission for a rise in Consolidated Edison's gas rates so that the company can afford a painless wage increase. The point is, Marx notwithstanding, the interests of labor and management sometimes coincide and these interests can run counter to the public interest. If you have direct representation for consumers on the industry council, how will they be chosen? From the piddling consumer organizations that now exist? Will "public members" be appointed by the government?

What about this business of the "government supervising but not controlling?" Or as Pius XI put it, "directing, watching, urging, restraining, as occasion requires and necessity demands." In questions that will inevitably line labor and management representatives up against each other—as, for example, wages—how are we going to prevent the government representatives from casting the decisive votes? And if this cannot be prevented, how binding will the council decisions be? Bishop Haas makes them sound pretty binding. In short, how can we prevent the council from degenerating into a system of compulsory arbitration by government?

An editorial in THE COMMONWEAL (February 20, 1948) makes an excellent pair of points, namely, that what is needed may be a "*proper* balance between wages, prices and profits," but that nobody, including the CIO, has defined this "proper balance." Bishop Haas does not say that the industry council should fix prices, although others have said so, but he does say it should fix profits, which is almost the same thing. We come then to the same question that stumped the writer of the editorial, a question that is perhaps the toughest and the most basic of modern times, at least in the realm of economics, to wit: "What is a just profit?" Surely this will be one of the first questions to be resolved by an industry council. And rightly so, for no one is better qualified to work out that "proper balance" of wages, prices and profits than such councils and the national economic "parliament" or "planning board" that would co-ordinate them.

So all right, what is a just profit? Is it ten percent, five percent, four percent, three percent, two percent? Is it a percentage of sales, of invested funds, or of added value? Is it something you approach from the angle of a limitation on personal income, like the late lamented proposal of President Roosevelt's, that wartime incomes be held down to $25,000 after taxes? There is one lesson we should have learned over the years: the just profit is not something you allow to be determined for you by the law of supply and demand, which has no more idea of justice than a black marketeer. This we should have learned, although there are—to our shame and sorrow—still Catholic economists and businessmen who go on singing the praises of that same heartless, brainless law. (Which is not to say that said law has no value or validity whatever.)

We cannot look to the Popes for the answers to these questions. They have given us the basic answers; they have warned us about unlimited competition and the law of supply and demand; they have insisted that justice and morality are involved at the heart of economic questions. They have insisted too that the application of justice and morality must be made and re-made in the light of changing circumstances. They have insisted, finally, that there are hundreds of technical problems in this field which can be solved only by technical experts and trained economists. As Bishop Alter summed it up in the *Labor Leader*: "Unless we fully grasp the fundamental factors in our economic system, understand its delicate mechanism, bring into clear focus its distinctive problems of insecurity and unemployment, its need of mass production and mass consumption, its necessity of providing a right balance between wages, prices and profits [there it is again], and a multitude of other things such as tax policy, monetary policy and foreign trade policy, it will be utterly impossible to apply intelligently and therefore effectively the moral principles derived from social justice and social charity."

Amen, Your Excellency, and again, Amen. But how can we "fully grasp" these things when our economic experts—even those who bear the name of Catholic—do not agree on them? Do not agree so spectacularly, in fact, that we find such men as Father Edward Keller of Notre Dame presenting a point of view (see his pamphlet, "The Church and Our Economic System") which is basically at variance with that presented by the Bishop's own Social Action Department.

With due respect and gratitude to the late Monsignor Ryan, Father John Cronin, Elizabeth Morrissey, Friedrich Baerwald and others who have done splendid work in this field, it may be that we have not yet produced an economist who has the Christian sense of "social justice and social charity" and at the same time such a brilliant, overpowering grasp of the technical problems that his authority stands up as a beacon and a landmark that cannot be denied. Perhaps it is not possible, or even necessary, that any one man be recognized as the last word on economic truth. Perhaps economics is a twilight zone in which the best we can do is to grope our way by the light of certain fixed stars. Nevertheless it seems reasonable for Catholic labor leaders, businessmen, journalists and teachers to demand a little more light, a little more detail and a little more unanimity.

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We certainly do not expect men like Bishops Haas and Alter to supply this detail. They have done more than enough. They are not economists, and do not pretend to be. In short, what we need, and what we need with an urgency born of desperation, is more and better economists. If there is a brilliant young man studying now in some seminary or college, lying awake nights wondering how he should use his brilliance, let him wonder no more. Economics is the thing, my friend. And don't waste any time either. The next depression may be here even before you get your Ph.D.

JOHN C. CORT.

Books

France Alive. Claire Huchet Bishop. McMullen. $3.00.

EVERY country presents its own peculiar barriers to the glad tidings of the Gospel, none more so than the French Republic, the Eldest Daughter of the Church. The Christian and French traditions are inextricably intertwined; France is also the source of the most profound philosophical, theological, and liturgical ideas; likewise its JOC and other *mouvements specialisés* have developed to the point of serving as universal models. Yet, the French worker is largely lost to the Church, while the countryside is lacking in priests, churches and ardent faith. In starting all over again the new evangelizers find the greatest obstacle in the fact that the French people once knew Christianity and have forgotten it—many of them look upon their Christianism as a certain immature phase which they have long outgrown.

Hence the need to "astonish" which Mrs. Bishop notes briefly at the outset. It all began with the heroism of certain Catholic elements in the Resistance. In the foreground of the mission to the French workers today are groups from the JOC (Young Christian Workers) and elsewhere who, by sharing the squalor, grinding toil and insecurity of their fellow countrymen and also spending themselves to aid their fellow-workers at every juncture (as they do at various Catholic Workers and Friendship Houses over here), are beginning to make evident the meaning of the second great commandment. This apostolate has enlisted not only factory workers, new and old, but members of the widest range of professions, including pugilists, street vendors and circus men. Such heroism, zeal and conviction has induced many to share in the ardent sense of brotherhood which animates these new missioners. What is more problematical is the arousing of a feeling of personal need for the sacraments unknown or long forgotten.

It is here that the priest-worker has a leading rôle. He also fully shares the arduous labor, poor food, regimentation and wretched living quarters of the most exploited workers. Those who actively assist at his evening Mass in the home of one of the workers are for a long period markedly few. And when these "new Christians" do come to participate in Catholic life in its fulness, they are puzzled and bewildered by what they encounter in the typical "bourgeois" French parish church.

For these neophytes in their neighborhood homes and workers' churches take a most active part in the Holy Sacrifice. They have often arrived at a most articulate liturgical sense through participating in certain communal preparatory, para-liturgical ceremonies in which their specific daily work, their studies, the accoutrements of their daily lives, their recreations, etc, receive recognition and a special blessing at church. This is a foundation for their grasp of Christian symbolism. Perhaps some day these new Christians may even arrive at the point where they can recognize in the collection, or collections, which obtain in the modern dispensation, the meaningful Offertory procession of earlier days!

An indication of the spirit which animates all these challenging developments is the desire not only to enable both individual and community to regain a genuinely Christian status (there are similar developments among the smaller body of French Protestants), but also to achieve Christian reunion in their beloved land. The most impressive quotations in this inspiring narrative have to do with the ecumenical movement in which the Orthodox Church has the key mediator rôle. The Dominican, Father Kopf, declares: "Whoever personally breaks with the Church has to come back, like the prodigal son, to his starting point, at the very spot where the break was made. But our separated brothers cannot repent of a fault which they have not committed . . ." Father Danielou, S.J., calls attention to the "extraordinarily liturgical power" of the Orthodox Church and calls for new methods of achieving not absorption but unity. "We must first of all pray. Then we must acquire awareness of the good in others and recognize the fact that Catholicism has to take new factors into consideration in order to satisfy the various souls of mankind . . ." Father Naidenoff, S.J., finds that Protestants "are advancing with great strides toward a conception of their church which is identical with ours, even though at the same time, they withdraw from us in their ardent determination not to bend under the yoke of Rome. We Catholics are guilty of the same contradiction. We lean as low as we can, and then, when we have only to stretch out our hand, we haughtily straighten up . . ."

To have presented so adequate an idea of this complex series of related movements in a short book is a most solid accomplishment. At one point early in the story, Mrs. Bishop states that these ideas are not characteristic of the generality of French Catholics, but she and the sympathetic reader get carried away by the manifestations she encountered. One reaction is unavoidable: What forms would the evocation of such an evangelical spirit give rise to over here? EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

The Great Ones. Ralph Ingersoll. Harcourt. $3.00.

AT ONE point in this book, the author wrote: "The next few pages can if necessary be skipped." He might easily have included the other pages. It is another novel of "revealations." It tells the story of Letia Long and of Sturges Strong who achieve notoriety separately, and who become more famous after joining themselves in matrimony. She rises to prominence by means of alimony, dress-designing, painting and writing; he, by means of magazine publishing. They are as annoying and inconsequential as gnats.

Although Mr. Ingersoll has denied it, the two main guisers resemble Mr. and Mrs. Luce. If they are not the Luces, then they are not "Very Important People." Not really Important.

The book is proof that Horatio Alger successes are still possible in America. If Mr. Ingersoll could become editor of *New Yorker* and *Fortune* and *Time* in double-time, it should not be difficult for any ambitious young person to do the same thing. And it isn't so much a matter of being good as it is of being bad. Ingersoll's

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declarative writing is a mixture of Rob Eden, the newspaper serial writer, and Louella Parsons (You know who *she* is). His dialogue follows the way of radio plays and the comics. And his interpretation of persons appears to derive from Dale Carnegie and Walter Winchell.

Here are some samples: "He said, 'Gee, you bet. We'll need lots of girls—to be researchers—the way they are at *Time*.' Mary said, 'But I know lots of girls who would be dying to work for you if they knew about what you are going to do. Would you let me organize your research staff for you, would you?' Allen was moved to answer, 'Gee, you're swell,' and to mean it very much. They felt already like partners." See how you feel already about this: "Presently Sturges put his head back and began to laugh. 'It's love, love, love,' he said and the pain was all gone from his face. His eyes were sparkling now. 'Oh, darling, it's been too long.' He looked triumphant. 'Much, much, much too long,' the woman said meltingly, looking up into his face. 'Take me away, darling.'"

The book is apparently aimed for the movies. There are some cute, type characters: a male companion of Letia's named Orlando Hicks, a butler with the cinematic name, Towers (there is another named, oddly enough, Smithers), an opportunist lawyer, and a man of nature called Solomon Janeway. Some of the "big" people who receive mention are Harold Ross (editor of the *New Yorker*). Henry Luce (playing a double roll), President Roosevelt, Pa Watson, William Randolph Hearst, and, of course, Ralph Ingersoll.

GEORGE MILES.

Lands of the Inner Sea. W. Adolphe Roberts. Coward-McCann. $4.00.

THIS is the fourth in the Invitation to Travel Series being issued under the general editorship of Lowell Brentano. Like its predecessors, "Lands of the Inner Sea" has been written by one who knows the lands whereof he writes. Mr. Roberts was born in Jamaica, and has made numerous trips through the Caribbean islands which are the topic of this book. In addition to the strictly Caribbean countries, such as Cuba, Haiti, Puerto Rico, "Lands of the Inner Sea" has been extended to include the three Guianas on the South American mainland, and Bermuda in the Atlantic.

Mr. Roberts has written conscientiously and readably, but lacks the one quality especially desirable in a travel-writer—imagination. The dust jacket of the book gives no clue to the author's profession, but from the abounding figures and careful notation of facts, one would expect him to be a success as a lawyer or a statistician. He plods doggedly (even though by air) from country to country, noting that the church of San Jose was built in 1523, that the voters in Curacao number 5 percent of the population, that Bermuda was discovered in 1515. Facts have an interest of their own, and are necessary as a framework for the understanding of any country. But numbers and percentages have no vitality, and it is not the facts of a place that widen the horizons of a traveler.

After four years, I could not tell you in what year the Cathedral at San Juan was built, but I shall never forget the almost-aching charm of an early morning trip on Puerto Rico's narrow-gauge (and only) railroad. Through fields of tall green cane that one could reach out and touch; stretches of foliage and flowers whose fragrance was sweet and clean with still-glistening dew;

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breath-taking glimpses of Mary-blue sea foaming to white in rocky coves; smiling, chattering groups at every plantation stop, greeting friends and offering for sale native foods and confections that looked so strange and tasted so good—sixty miles in five hours, and every mile a treasure. Nor can I forget the pleasure of my first trolley-ride through San Juan's streets, past houses whose glassless front windows seemed to encroach on the right-of-way and gave intimate glimpses of local family life; the mild shock of seeing the smaller children playing quite naked in their front yards; the music of the voices and the strange noises of foreign streets. These are the things that I remember; these are the things that the traveler brings home with him to brighten his more prosaic days. And these are precisely the things that Mr. Roberts has all but omitted in "Lands of the Inner Sea."

However, no travel book can be wholly uninteresting, and Mr. Roberts's book does give, in compact form, a wealth of information with which a prospective tourist to the Caribbean might well fortify himself. Perhaps because the Guianas are so little known, the chapters on British, Dutch, and French Guiana are especially interesting. As in previous volumes of the series, a pocket in the back of the book contains a detailed map which helps to give substance to the text. LEO J. TRESE.

The Cloud of Unknowing: A modern version. Harper—in conjunction with Pendle Hill. $1.50.

THIS is a delightful little edition, that asks to be slipped into every coat-pocket, of one of the best of all books. An anonymous Quaker has written a preface, and, seemingly unaware of his spiritual cheek, has made an "interpretation" which includes substituting "selfness" for sin, in many places, and cutting down to 52, the 75 chapters of the original. Not everyone will agree with this anonymous editor, either in thinking the original too long, or that "whilst working, there came an eagerness and zest that enabled me to reproduce some of his [the author's] directness and simplicity and even a flavor of Anglo-Saxon." One wonders why Pendle Hill could not accept and use this simplest and loveliest of all mystical books as it is; the same charming wrapper, format, print, and the same excellent "puff" on the back cover by Thomas Sugrue, would have suited the original, perhaps better than this decolored, slightly blurred version. Alas, that anonymity is not enough, and that the twentieth century amender is so much less inspiring than his fourteenth century model! ANNE FREMANTLE.

Flow to the Leaf. Elizabeth Abell. Macmillan. $2.75.

MISS ABELL is a gifted writer whose narrative prose—however she came by it is more than I can guess—is distinguished by an almost Irish quality of lightness and grace. There's nothing Irish about her characters, though. They quarrel meanly and have not the Irish aptitude for a real fight (more's the pity), nor the Irish vision to know what is and what is not worth fighting for, nor the Irish capacity to take hold of a bad situation and by brains or bluff to get the better of it.

Here stands an aged pioneer of northern Ohio, old Oliver Pitman, who has lived into the early years of the twentieth century, has seen the coming of the automobile and the inexorable encroachment of the suburbs upon the paradise he built in the wilderness. And about him stand

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BOOKS WANTED:

An Outline of the History of the Novela Picaresca in Spain, *by Fonger De Haan; The Hague, New York, M. Nijhoff, 1903.*
The Cocked Hat, *by Pedro A. de Alarcon; tr. by Francis J. Amy; New York, Minerva Pub. Co., 1891.*

Reply to Box 312, THE COMMONWEAL.

his four bewildered children and his six or eight grandchildren. There is the daughter who had left home. There is the son who had found a precarious security in a bank job in town. There are the two farmer sons who depend upon him for all they have; one works the old man shamelessly and the other quarrels with him and lives in unbelievable poverty, witnessing day by day the actual starving of his children.

They are, when all is said, spiritless, degraded peasants: peasants without the supporting and uplifting power of a great spiritual tradition; peasants who are not, as the European peasants are, the heirs to, and continuous co-builders of, an age-old, democratic civilization. These people have not the courage to be proud in spite of poverty, nor the courage to be humble in spite of relative prosperity. Except for the old man himself, they have embraced the age-old heresy, that brains and learning belong in the city, that brainy folks are unfitted for farm life.

As Miss Abell here unfolds it, their story has a disconcerting ring of truth. Perhaps this is what the pioneer families of northern Ohio have come to in the end, and why the Slavic families are taking over the lands of the homesteaders, and why the Irish of Cleveland are so downright lacking in reverence for the "old American families."

DAVID MARSHALL.

Depends What You Mean by Love. Nicholas Monsarrat. Knopf. $2.75.

THE year 1918 had left Corporal Godden with a Distinguished Conduct Medal, a pretty wife and smiling baby. 1939 found him a gaunt man of fifty who hadn't had a steady job for ten years—a fact that was cast up to him every so often by Edie and their peroxide shifty-eyed daughter, but when Godden signed up with Rescue and Stretcher Party, Depot I, of the air raid precautions, he felt the sodden years slough off; he had a steady job and steady pay, but what meant ever so much more, he was once again a man whose country needed him, one of the eight volunteers in Squad 3.

It was so like old times that it didn't seem odd to have Horrocks, who had been with him in France, turn up in Squad 3, but Horrocks had sunk down so low he'd almost forgotten the trenches. Gradually even Horrocks began to become less of the bum and more of the old soldier and when Christmas came and the different squads staged a show, they found they could even laugh and make the others laugh too. For a year they trained while London waited. Godden was Squad Leader now and not even Edie's sneers could break down his self-respect. He was fighting for something War had once given him and Peace had stolen. When the blitz began, Squad 3 was ready for it. In the first raid a house collapsed on Godden as he was trying to drag an old man out of it. It doesn't seem as if there could be any other ending to "Heavy Rescue"; the author owed as much to Godden.

"The sloop Marlborough, 1,200 tons, complement eight officers and one hundred and thirty men, was torpedoed at dusk on the last day of 1942 while on independent passage from Iceland to the Clyde. She was on her way home to refit after a fourteen-month stretch of Atlantic convoy escort with no break except for routine boiler cleaning." This is the laconic beginning of the story of a captain who brings his ship into port with only two officers and twenty-eight men and with a bow

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so damaged that some of the time they had to maintain speed in reverse—stern on to the waves. With a smashed sextant, no sun and faulty compasses, they went two hundred miles off their course and after fourteen days struck the north coast of Ireland. "H.M.S. Marlborough Will Enter Harbor" is almost flawless reporting, breathless and brusque. Many men have written well of ships, but none with finer economy.

"Leave Cancelled" describes, in a letter from the husband, the night of a deferred honeymoon suddenly reduced to twenty-four hours. Written with sensitive passion and tenderness, it is conditioned with courage. But it also opens the door on treasured privacies, and I have torn six pages out of my review copy as otherwise I simply couldn't have lent the book to the friends whom I know will enjoy it. Its my only way of closing that door.

Nicholas Monsarrat is a Cambridge man who wrote three novels and a play in which Greer Garson appeared before the war, which he served in the Navy. All three stories have definite quality and while "H.M.S. Marlborough Will Enter Harbor" may be the most perfect accomplishment, "Heavy Rescue" 's simple outline is full of explosive subjects for discussion—the dangerous mass psychology and camaraderie of War so feebly offset by the disunities of Peace and the innate generosity of men willing to give so much for so little. Monsarrat will be better known very soon. E. V. R. WYATT.

Far And Near. Pearl S. Buck. John Day. $2.75.

ALTHOUGH in recent years she has lost a great deal of the respect and admiration she once enjoyed among the people of China, Pearl Buck still remains one of that country's most articulate—or at least most talkative—admirers. And her style of writing still retains that deft touch and sympathetic attitude which makes it such pleasant reading.

Unfortunately, however, the stories collected in her present volume, "Far And Near," have little more to recommend them. They are pleasant reading. But they have no moral, and illuminate no new thoughts. On the contrary, the stories of Japan and China suffer either from a lack of familiarity with present-day conditions, or from a strange sameness to earlier works of the author. Of the whole volume the stories of America are the best, since they seem to provide subject material not long since exhausted by the author. But even they are little more than well-written. Their most noticeable feature is a clarity of characterization when she writes about unpleasant people that is lacking at other times. And this is most noticeable when she writes about unpleasant American women. In that there may lie hope of a new sort of writing yet to come from Pearl Buck's pen. JAMES O. FREDERICK.

The Case of Rudolph Hess. Edited by J. B. Rees. Norton. $3.00

THIS volume is subtitled, "A Problem in Diagnosis and Forensic Psychiatry." Dr. Rees gives full credit to his fellow Hessians, Drs. Dicks, Graham, Johnston, Jones, Kelley, Phillips and Gilbert. The seven psychiatrists and one psychologist who contributed to the contents of this 224 page book were assisted in making it palatable to the non-medical reader by John Dickson Carr, whose detective stories abound on the bookstalls. Mr. Carr was not altogether successful in "popularizing"

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Next Week

The First of Three Special Issues

During the next several weeks The Commonweal will publish three feature issues printed on special paper to take fine-screen halftones, including additional pages and focused on a single major subject.

EDUCATION ISSUE (March 26): Nationwide interest in educational matters has just reached a new pass with the United States Supreme Court's decision on the constitutionality of the extensive practice of having released time classes for pupils of various religious denominations in public school buildings. This and other basic matters will be discussed in next week's special issue.

TRAVEL NUMBER (April 23): The American "tourist who wants to go abroad can, for the first time in eight years, go almost anywhere he chooses in the Western world. Nearly all countries are eager to welcome him because they desperately need his dollars . . ." *(The United States News,* March 12). The first travel number of The Commonweal (Ernestine Evans, general editor) could hardly be more timely.

SPRING BOOKS (May 7): Special literary articles, publishers' announcements and forthright evaluations of the season's books will feature our big annual spring book number.

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the style of the book, but his hand is evident in the fairly well sustained suspense as to the final determination of Hess's sanity.

The author presupposes somewhat more than a Sunday supplement familiarity with psychiatry. In his foreword, Dr. Rees says: "There is, I think, little that cannot be comprehended by the lawyer and the intelligent layman." I concur but with the observation that a glossary would have been most helpful. He also presumes more interest in the fate of Hess and the cause of his predicament than is generally prevalent in the United States. The phenomenal haste with which the American public has forgotten Nazism, its top dogs, its causes and effects, is probably beyond the comprehension of so intelligent a Briton as Dr. Rees. The foregoing is a roundabout way of saying that I don't think the book will have a wide sale.

Hess, as a study of abnormal behavior, could easily be outpointed by any one of scores of patients of the very psychiatrists who contributed to this study. As a malevolent influence on his own environment and on the world, he wasn't in the same league with Goering, Goebbels, Streicher, or any of a dozen other satellites of Hitler. He was, however, the officially designated No. 3 Nazi, and more important, he *was* available to the British psychiatrists for five years and to the other Allied medicos for a shorter period. The ups and downs of his mental state are carefully set forth from the time of his spectacularly executed parachute jump to the conclusion of his Nuremburg trial. There are many Hesses-in-the-making in the world today. Our own political parties are doubtless not so saturated with them as was the National Socialist Party, but they are there. Three years' residence in Washington has been enough to demonstrate to this reviewer that "The Case of Rudolph Hess," could profitably be read by students of political science. The book should also be part of the library of any serious student of the German "Question." The student of psychiatry or psychology would list it as recommended, rather than required, reading.

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